

November 8, 1916

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.
NOVEMBER 15, 1916.

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THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS



ON THE WESTERN FRONT.



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BY CONTRIBUTING TO THE
GREAT BRITAIN TO POLAND FUND

(with which is affiliated the British Moscow Relief Committee).

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seem to have lost all that they possessed, there is much work for the Great Britain to Poland Fund to do, and the more the fund, which is under THE RUSSIAN RED CROSS can do, by so much more will Russian energy and Russian brains be liberated to prosecute the object of the Allied nations, the crushing of the common foe. Therefore every additional sovereign given to the Fund means the release of another fraction of the mighty pressure exerted on our heroic Ally, and to all who feel compassion for the broken men and women, and starving children — victims of the German war-god — an earnest appeal is made to send what help they can to—

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YOUNG ITALY'S

The Illustrated London News

of NOVEMBER 11 contains illustrations of—

THE HEROISM OF THE FRENCH
INFANTRY BEFORE VERDUN.

ON THE PATH OF THE BRITISH
ADVANCE TOWARDS LE TRANSLOY.

BATTLE-DAY INCIDENTS ON THE
CARSO FRONT.

THE PRESENTATION OF GIFTS TO
SULTAN MOULAY YOUSSEF.

THE PERILOUS JOURNEY OF A BRITISH
"RUNNER" CARRYING DESPATCHES
DURING AN ADVANCE.

THE WAR IN EAST AFRICA.

AN AIRSHIP LEADING A "WIND-JAMMER"
TO THE EXAMINATION STATION.

A 2000-YEAR-OLD TOMB NEAR SALONIKA
THE RED CROSS ON THE FIELD WITH
THE RUSSIANS.

WOMEN MUNITION-MAKERS TRAINING
IN SHELL-MAKING AT BATTERSEA.

"JERKS"; ANTI-U-BOAT MUSKETRY;
BOXING: ON A TROOP-SHIP.

LIEUT.-GENERAL THE HON. SIR SAM
HUGHES, K.C.B.

Etc. Etc. Etc.

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Every Friday.]

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The Illustrated War News



YOUNG ITALY'S INTEREST IN THE FRENCH GENERALISSIMO'S VISIT: GENERALS JOFFRE AND CADORNA.

Photograph by Topical.

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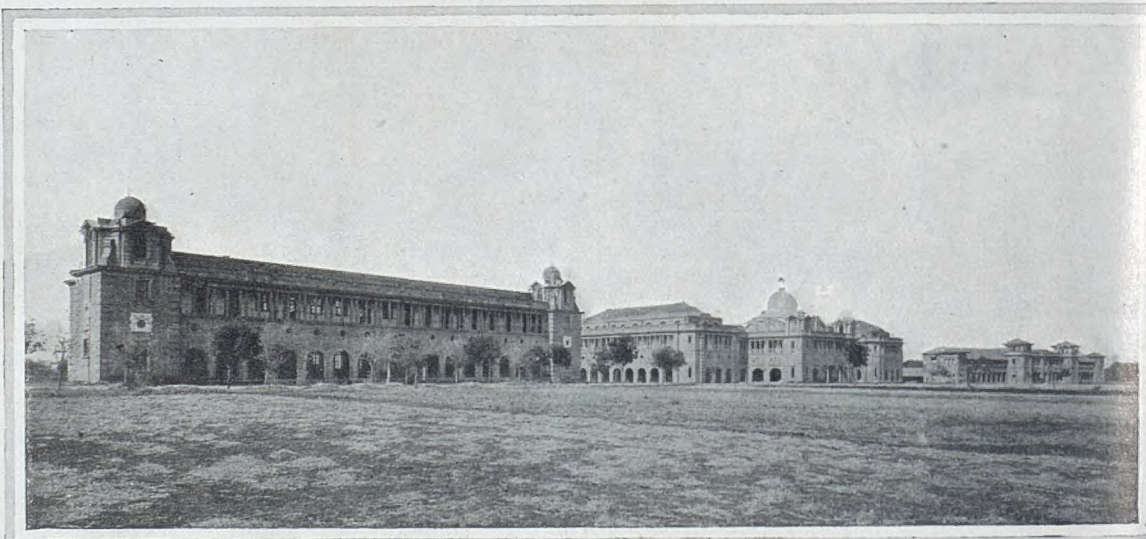
THE GREAT WAR.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

HAVING attained the initiative by the power and men that give it, the Allies are using their advantage at every turn of events. It is interesting to watch the circle of hammer-men at work. It is interesting to note that a blow is always being struck from a new point the moment Germany halts and recovers from the blow that preceded. Germany braces herself to stand the shock of Russia, and the West drives in. Germany concentrates against Italy, and Roumania hits. Roumania is thrust back, and, as Germany prepares to spring, the hammer of Verdun throws her off her purchase. She recovers, and, with anxious desire, strives once more to break down the Roumanian guard. Russia hits to the north, Italy hits to the south-west, there are a shower of blows from Thrace. The thing happens and happens again; there is always a blow to distract Germany's attention and her force from remote

came in, but not in time to give great help to Russia or Serbia. Even with the assault upon Verdun, the fronts had to wait until they had full means to distract pressure with pressure; and the British remained waiting, under orders, until the time when all ranks could utilise their power to the best. But from Verdun our scheme of consummate disturbance has grown strong, and it will develop.

Even an apparent weakness in our line can be a danger to the enemy. The south-east fronts make this obvious. If Italy's victory on the Carso has helped Roumania, it is certain that Roumania's set back has helped Italy. To make sure of their victory beyond the Transylvanian passes, the enemy had to leave the Italian fronts, if not weakened, then unbacked. And the Italians did not miss their moment. They have at a stroke forced their way beyond the Austrian pivotal



FORMERLY THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE OF THE GOVERNMENT OF BOMBAY: THE DECCAN BRITISH WAR-HOSPITAL AT POONA.

To this magnificent building are taken men invalided from Mesopotamia.

angles of the fronts should she attack one angle. We can even see the Allied plan working out in Roumania. Falkenhayn, reinforced, is endeavouring to press anew on the Transylvanian fronts—and Roumania and Russia return to the attack in the Dobrudja.

This may seem straining at a truism, but it is not quite that. The thing is new. The circle of hammer-men have not worked with such complete unison before. True, the Russians were into Prussia when the Germans entered France; but the movement was independent of co-ordination, and Tannenburg was lost while the Mons-Charleroi fight was lost. Ypres does not seem to have been relieved from the East, and Warsaw received no help from the West. The West had to stand by, without full means to help, when Mackensen charged his massed front from the Donajec. Italy

position at Fajti Hrib, and stand over Kostanjevica, which holds command not only of the chief Carso highway from Ranziano, but also a web of roads that give supply to the Austrian defence. This position was enormously strong, and to Germany it was impregnable. At the same time, the Italians have carried Mount Volkovnjak, and so settled their grip on the high country running north of the Vippacco. In the fighting on this front alone over 40,000 prisoners have been taken since Aug. 6. But the value of the fighting is more than in captives; not merely does it open up an avenue of development dangerous to the enemy by which the coastal regions about Duino and even Trieste (now about twelve miles distant from the Italian front) are threatened, but such a thrust into the delicate mechanism of the assault by which Roumania was to be conquered may

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well help to vitiate that hopeful invasion. Austria, of course, appreciates the point. She is working strenuously with her guns against the Isonzo encroachment (with the weather aiding and abetting), and she has manipulated a counter-attack in the Trentino, where, by forcing the strong height known as the Cima Bocche Observatory (a point holding the Travignolo Valley), she hopes to distract Italian attention. It is doubtful whether she will.

The Roumanian encounter does not bring any swift results to the enemy, for all their eagerness. Held in the Alt and Predeal Valleys, driven back with some despatch towards the Vulkan Pass, the Austro-Germans have reorganised and reinforced, and have come on again to both these zones. The painful slowness of the invasion seems testimony not only of its difficulty, but an omen of its eventual failure. The German temper of assault demands quick success; if that success

lags, and the enemy stiffens, the German progressive impulse has the habit of failing. The Roumanians have had time and help now, the situation should be within their capacity, especially since the enemy is showing where his main line of attack will be—that is, through the Alt and Prachova Valleys, which will give rich rewards, the easiest route to Bucharest and the Danube, and can be served from such useful bases

as Brasso and Hermannstadt. As he has concentrated his attack, so can be concentrated the defence. Possibly the defence will lie high up on

the Austrian flank, where the Russians and Roumanians are making progress in the Dorna Watra-Tolgyes zones. The overhang of our Allies' line gives them great advantage here. From the Buzeu Pass, where the enemy is so ineffectual, to the Tolgyes area the Russo-Roumanian line is on or over the Hungarian border, and any deter-

mined outward swing will bring it dangerously across the Austrian left and rear: even the threat of progress may damage enemy aims lower down. The Dobrudja has been mainly silent; but Mackensen has changed his attitude of waiting to one of alertness, before the movement downward by Hirsova and the Danube from the strengthened Allies before him. He has possession, which is nine points of war; but, should things go wrong, his position might not be altogether enviable. The Russians, on their fronts, are still subject to fluctuations without good results to themselves. A German attack turned

them from trenches on the Stokhod, and, though they won some back, they have not been able to get ahead either here or elsewhere. Still, if they

are held, the strain they must be inflicting on the enemy is heavy. For the Germans to proclaim Poland an independency is, perhaps, a signal of this. Poland can only be independent of Russia, and therefore both a buffer and a source of man-power to the disinterested nation which makes it free.

Whether the German type of freedom will have an irresistible appeal to the eligible Poles is another matter.



ON THE SALONIKA FRONT: A BRITISH SOLDIER'S RESTING-PLACE IN THE BALKANS.

The cross and cairn are over the grave of a British motor-driver whose unit was taking supplies for the Serbians. One dark night his car fell into the gully shown. Comrades are marking the grave.

Official Photograph.



A TASK IN PERFORMING WHICH A SOLDIER CARRIES HIS LIFE IN HIS HANDS: A WIRE-ENTANGLEMENT CUTTER AT WORK.

The above is an enemy illustration, from a drawing in a German paper. The man is seen wearing the German regulation pattern of steel helmet.—[Exclusive News Agency.]

Our western line being forced into the somewhat narrow front between the Ancre and Saillisel has given the enemy a greater opportunity to deepen his counter-attacks. He has been able (as he was able to do several times in the previous months of advance) to regain a footing in positions we had captured—our men losing their grip on trenches by Warlencourt, the French being pushed back in the village of Saillisel. As before, this gain was of no advantage to the enemy, and our pressure still continues to carry us forward on the Warlencourt-le-Transloy line, the high ground gradually coming into our control. The French drive away at their front from under le Transloy to both wings of St. Pierre Vaast Wood. The gains are regular, and, by now, habitual. The French, too, are again testing severely the front south of the Somme, and by a movement through the German-held villages of Ablaincourt and Pressoir (both now completely French) to the village of Gomiécourt are turning the northern flank of the defences of Chaulnes, while thrusting towards the Péronne railway. The rain is again interfering with the work on the Somme, but, in spite of the wet, we have pushed our steady advances right up to the strong works of the fourth German defensive front. And during the spell of our advance (from July 1), the French and British have not only gained these three powerful lines



REALISTIC SYMBOLISM ON A BATTLEFIELD GRAVE:
A BELGIAN SOLDIER'S RESTING-PLACE.

The rifle is, of course, meant to be emblematic of the dead man's calling in life. The scythe is similarly intended to typify Death.

of resistance, but have made a bag of nearly 73,000 men, and 1,499 field, heavy, machine, and other guns. Add this number to Italy's 40,000, to the prisoners captured in Roumania (some 20,000 or 30,000), those captured in Thrace, and those taken by Russia (perhaps, 500,000 here since June), and you will have the smallest estimate of the enemy losses since the Allies began to strike.

The turbulent weather has given the naval arena its chance latterly.

The fact that a German submarine went aground off Jutland may not be to our immediate credit, but when the Germans blew her up as she lay, they showed how nervous our naval vigilance has made them. There is no such speculation as to cause and effect about two German Dreadnoughts torpedoed this week. They were the victims of a British submarine which made certain both that the vessels were hit, and that they were fine 24,310-ton vessels of the *Kaiser* class. It is not known whether they were sunk, but it is pretty obvious that they received damage enough to keep them out of action and thinking deeply for some time to come. The Italians have quite a schedule to their credit, all of torpedo-boat actions. The first victory was that of a destroyer which sunk an Austrian submarine as it "marked over" a transport. The Italian war-vessel was sunk as well, but the crew were rescued by the transport. Other Italian torpedo-boats went through the mined zone at Durazzo, sunk a large ship, and fought their way out. However, the most dazzling episode was that of a flotilla which passed through the mines off the naval port of Pola, smashed the boom, and got into the anchorage of the Austrian Fleet. They loosed torpedoes at enemy battle-ships, but, apparently, without grave effect, though, with the greatest coolness imaginable, they remained under the forts reconnoitring for two hours, before drawing off in a disdainful way. There is something bigger even than the attack in the adventurous spirit shown in these affairs.

LONDON: NOV. 13, 1916



INVENTOR OF A WEAPON THAT IS
REVOLUTIONISING WAR: COLONEL
ISAAC LEWIS.

As the collar lettering indicates, the inventor of the Lewis automatic rifle belongs to the United States Army. The crossed-cannon badge shows the Colonel's branch of the service.—[Photograph by Photopress.]



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In a Trench on the french front.



TO KEEP THE ENEMY'S LINES UNDER OBSERVATION: HOW A LIGHT-ROCKET IS FIRED.

The illustration depicts a French soldier in the trenches showing how a "light-rocket" is fired at night to illuminate the ground in front over the German lines. As we have illustrated in previous issues, the open space between the lines of front trenches, or "No Man's Land," and over the opposing trenches also, is brightly lighted up every night by the discharge of rockets, star-shells, and

parachute-bombs. These are sent up at constant intervals, to prevent either side attempting to leave their trench-cover stealthily, in an effort to "rush" the positions in front. Night-scouting patrols, also, venturing to creep near the opposing trenches and listen for sounds indicating a possible sortie, are often discovered and baulked of their object by that means.—[Photo. by C.N.]



Why the french firing-Line Batteries Never Run



MASTERLY ORGANISATION AND ITS BUSINESS-LIKE METHODS OF WORKING

The French heavy-gun ammunition reserve depôt shown in the above illustration is one of many similar depôts distributed at different places in rear of the battle-front. To minimise the results of an explosion, should enemy aeroplanes drop bombs on any depôt, the supply at each is kept as small as is compatible with efficiency, the depôts being numerous in consequence, so

A FRENCH BIG-GUN AMMUNITION DEPÔT
as to ensure a sufficient amount of ammunition - wagons, from base-depôts, and thence to the front.

Line Batteries Never Run Short of Shells.



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A FRENCH BIG-GUN AMMUNITION DEPÔT; AND WAGONS FROM THE FRONT.

as to ensure a sufficient aggregate store for the guns being always available. To keep up stocks as fast as the *camions*, or ammunition-wagons, from the batteries (seen above on the right) come in to load up, a corresponding call is telephoned to the base-depôts, and thence to the munition-factories. Thus every shell sent forward is replaced.—[French Official Photograph.]

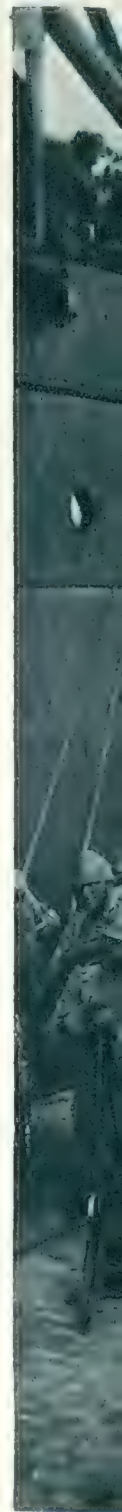
Testimony to the Victorious Progress of the Allies.



PRISONERS OF WAR: BULGARIANS BEING NUMBERED—GERMANS BEING QUESTIONED.

Incidentally, the upper illustration helps to confirm the general impression as to the reliability of the official returns of prisoners published by the Allied Governments. It shows a two-deep line of Bulgarian prisoners taken in battle on the Balkan Front being methodically counted, man by man. Thus there is no room for questioning the numbers returned in the official statements of

captures.—In the second illustration, a batch of German prisoners are shown undergoing the regulation examination by an Intelligence Department officer. All prisoners of war are subjected to questioning by their captors, and they often blurt out useful facts. The fourth German prisoner on the left of the row has on a French soldier's *kepi*. He was an Alsatian.—[Official Photographs.]



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The Ever-Growing Allied Army in the Balkans.



ON THE QUAY AT SALONIKA: AN ITALIAN REGIMENT MUSTERING ON LEAVING A TRANSPORT.

How many contingents of the various nationalities that go to make up the Army under General Sarrail's supreme command have been landed at Salonika is, of course, known only to the Higher Command of the Allies. Not all the embarkations, nor their composition, have been made public. The quays of Salonika, we know, however, have witnessed the coming ashore of British and

French, of Russians, Serbians and Italians. One of the landings of these last is shown above, the Italian soldiers being seen just after they had come off their transport, completely armed and equipped for campaigning. An officer's charger may be observed being swung over the ship's side, while being lowered on to the quay where men stand ready to receive it.—[Official Photograph.]

THE BEGINNINGS OF WAR-MACHINES: MORTARS AND HOWITZERS.

A STUDY of artillery operations carried out during the present war shows clearly that forts constructed on the most up-to-date lines (unless Verdun be considered as an exception) are very vulnerable to high-angle or "plunging" fire

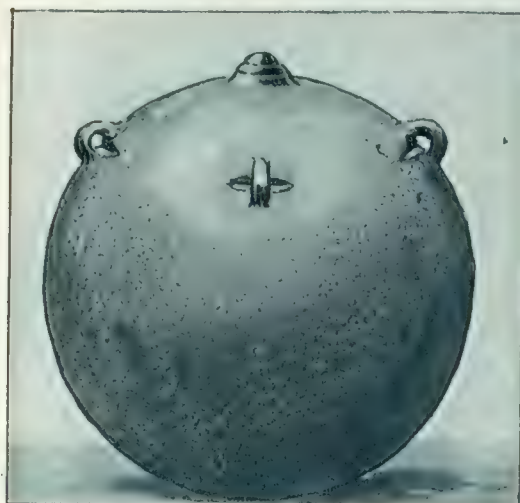


FIG. 13.—36-IN. SHELL FOR THE Mallet MORTAR OF 1855.
(Rotunda Museum, Woolwich.)

from modern howitzers. Thus the consideration of the origin of this class of weapon is of peculiar interest at the present time.

One of the earliest pieces employed to throw stone or solid shot by means of gunpowder was a high-angle gun called a "mortar." It is said to have been invented by the Germans, and to have been used in 1435, when Naples was besieged. A mortar, it may be explained, is a short-barrelled cannon having a large bore. It is mounted in such a manner that it throws its shot upwards at a high angle, with the intention of causing the projectile to fall more or less vertically on the target.

The howitzer (an eighteenth-century invention) as improved, has become the most modern form of mortar. It differs from the earlier mortar types in that it is now mounted so that its angle of fire can be varied at the will of the gunner. The modern howitzer is, of course, loaded at the breech instead of at the muzzle as formerly, and is provided with a rifled bore, sights, and all the appliances fitted to modern artillery.

Fig. 1 shows a crude form of mortar, throwing a shot thirteen inches in diameter. This gun could only fire at one angle of elevation, as the barrel was cast in one piece with the base. The small mortar shown in Fig. 2 was the invention of a Dutch military engineer named Coehorn (the rival of the famous Vauban), and was small enough to be operated by one man. Similar weapons were formerly used in mountain war, the gun being carried on the back of a mule, whilst another mule carried the ammunition. Red-hot shell was fired from mortars in the defence of Cherbourg as early as the year 1418, and again at the Siege of Gibraltar in 1782. The Germans,

in the sixteenth century, first employed explosive shells in mortars. The bursting-charge was ignited by means of a slow-match, or fuse, which projected from the muzzle of the mortar when the shell was in place in the barrel.

Figs. 3 and 4 show seventeenth-century weapons of this class, the shape of the bore being indicated by dotted lines. It will be seen that the powder-chamber at the bottom was of a smaller diameter than the projectile, which rested on a ledge above it. Fig. 3 shows a mortar with trunnions at the base. Fig. 4 shows another model, with trunnions at its centre. The barrel of each would pivot on the trunnions when mounted on the carriage (Figs. 11 and 12). By that means the angle of fire could be varied.

Mortars of different kinds were used in the Crimean War of 1854-5. Fig. 4 shows a number of "bomb ketches"—bomb ketches were originally invented and used nearly two centuries earlier—attacking a Russian battery. The vessels shown were specially built for the Crimean War, and carried one 13-inch mortar amidships. It weighed about five tons, and threw a 200-lb. shell. One of the largest mortars ever made was that designed by Mallet in 1855, and cast to the order of Lord Palmerston for use against the Russians. The huge piece weighed 50½ tons, and was intended

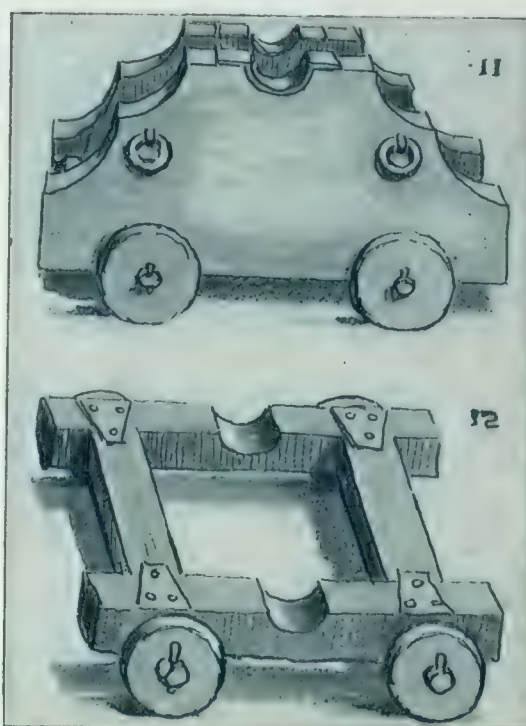


FIG. 11.—MORTAR-CARRIAGE FOR A CENTRE-TRUNNION MORTAR. FIG. 12.—MORTAR-CARRIAGE FOR A BASE-TRUNNION MORTAR. THE WHEELS WERE REMOVED WHEN AT THE FIRING-POINT.

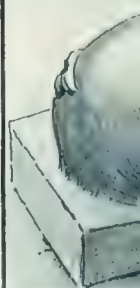
to fire a 2940-lb. shell (Fig. 13), propelled by 80 lb. of gunpowder. The bore of the barrel was 36 inches in diameter.

[Continued opposite.]



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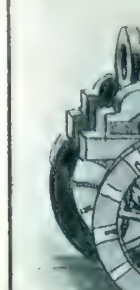


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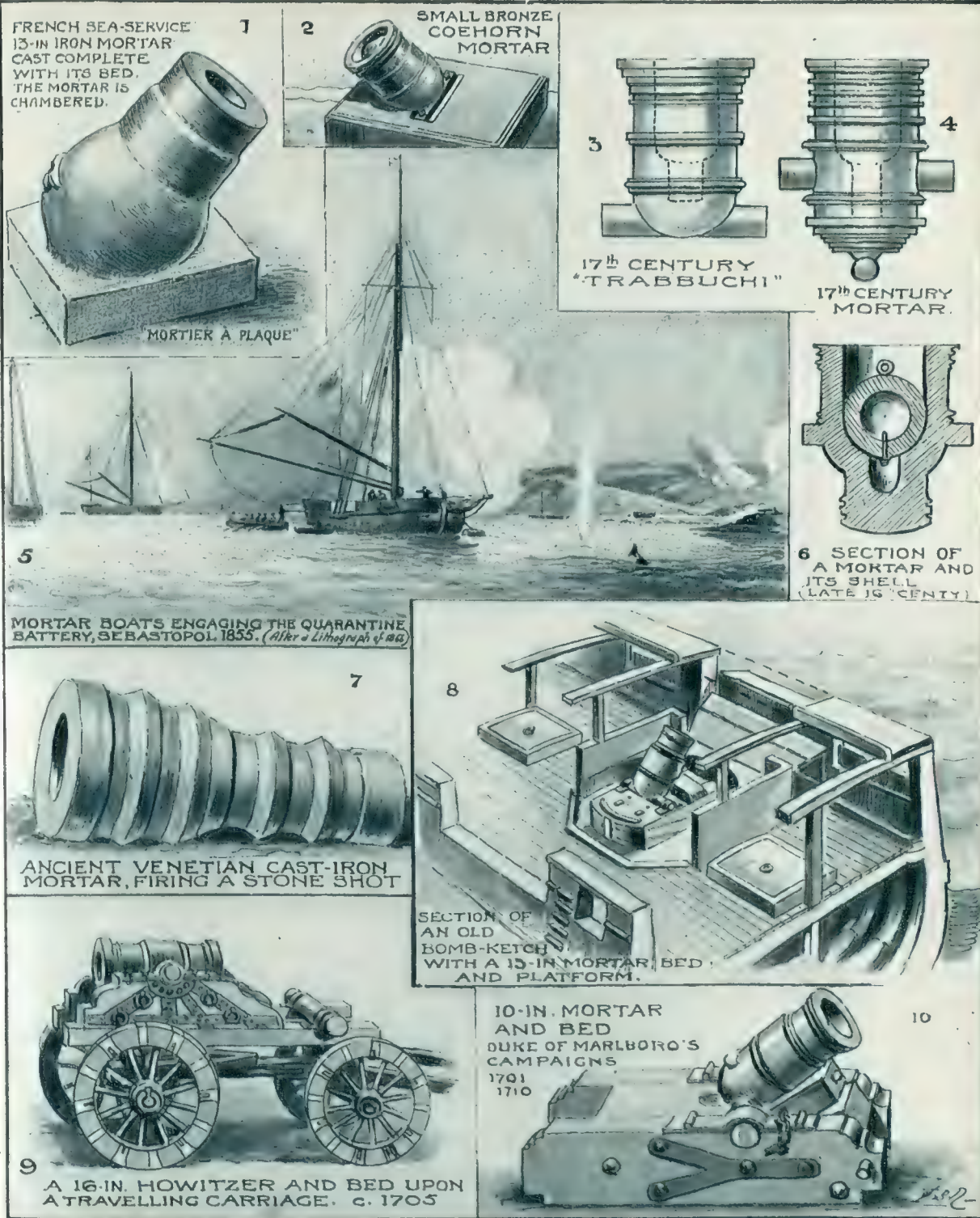


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The Beginnings of War-Machines: Mortars and Howitzers.



HIGH-ANGLE FIRING PIECES OF PAST WARS: BIG-SHELL THROWERS.

Continued.
During its trials the original Mallet mortar was fired 10 times. It developed, however, several cracks and showed signs of strain, in consequence of which it was condemned as dangerous. The piece was never used on service, and no more were made. At the siege of Antwerp in 1832, the French attempted to use a 24-inch mortar, but it proved to be too large to be operated with efficiency.

In 1870, the Germans employed rifled mortars in the siege of Strasburg, firing elongated shells instead of the spherical bombs previously used. A number of large mortars were mounted on the Egyptian works at Alexandria when the British Fleet bombarded that city in 1882. It is not clear, however, whether use was made of them on that occasion.

One More french Hero fallen fighting for "La Patrie."



"BURIED WITH MILITARY HONOURS" ON THE SOMME FRONT: THE FUNERAL OF A FRENCH OFFICER.

The spirit of fighting France is shown not only in the heroism of the battlefield, but in the honour paid to the men who have given their lives for "la Patrie." For many, perhaps, all that is possible is a hastily dug grave on the field and a little white cross; for some, not even that. But the military cemeteries are tended with reverent care, and in some cases, as in that here illustrated, the

funeral of an officer killed on the Somme, the ceremony is conducted with full military honours. The upper one shows the coffin, conveyed in a regimental van, on its way to the place of burial; the lower one shows the scene on its arrival, at a church, with troops drawn up bareheaded, a military band, and a priest in his robes.—[Photos. by C.N.]



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Shells to Win Back Serbia for the Serbians.



NEAR SALONIKA: A SERBIAN AMMUNITION DUMP; BULLOCK-CARTS TO TAKE THEM TO THE FRONT.

The goodly show of shells, seen in the upper photograph, for the Serbian artillery on the Salonika front, has a very encouraging look, and would seem to augur well for the prospects of the gallant Serbians in their struggle to recover their lost country. The lower photograph shows some of the curious little spike-sided bullock-carts on which the shells are conveyed over the mountains.

Writing recently after a forward push of the French and Serbians towards Monastir, Mr. Ward Price said: "Big guns move slowly over the steep Macedonian roads, and when they and their heavy ammunition at last arrived it was only then possible to open a bombardment of the enemy trenches. . . . Except for a solitary main road, all others are just tracks."—[Official Photographs.]

ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: XXIII.—THE ROYAL WELSH.

YOUNG ANSTRUTHER AND THE QUEEN'S COLOUR.

WHEN the Light Division under General Codrington went into action at the Alma, there was among the officers of the 23rd Regiment (the Royal Welsh Fusiliers) a very young subaltern who bore the name of a famous family of soldiers.

He had not long left school to take a Second Lieutenancy in the Royal Welsh, and this was his first, as it was to be his last, engagement. His young figure flashes out for a moment from the smoke of combat, he is seen playing a hero's part for the honour of his corps, and the next moment he is gone, having made in a few seconds of time an undying name. To the Light Division was entrusted the attack upon the Great Redoubt, where the Russians had planted fourteen heavy guns—a trifling armament nowadays, but then sufficiently formidable—which took a heavy toll of the advancing regiments. These were the 23rd, the 33rd, the 95th, the 19th, and the Rifles. As they advanced within musket-shot, they had to endure not only the ploughing havoc of round shot, but the biting hail of small arms

from a breast-work behind the guns, where the Russians had posted picked riflemen. Wide lanes were torn through the ranks of the attacking force, but with matchless steadiness they pressed on, and always inclining inwards from the flanks closed up the gaps as fast as they were made. Tough as their work had been hitherto, they

looked for still sterner business when they should close with the enemy artillery, but at that moment there happened one of those strange and

inexplicable things which the military historian often despairs of explaining. It seemed as if the Russian guns, well posted and well served, had every chance of holding their ground, and of doing terrible damage to the advancing Division,

but the assailants suddenly looked at each other in astonishment, scarcely believing their eyes.

The artillery fire slackened, ceased; a movement was observed in the Redoubt; gun-teams were busy limbering up. A shout ran down the British line, "He is limbering up—he is retreating," and then the fox-hunter's instinct raised the familiar cry of the covert-side, "Stole away! Stole away!"

The Light Division pressed on, every regiment eager to be the first into the Redoubt, and all straining to that end. Fortune was to favour the Royal Welsh, through the impetuous courage of one of the youngest subalterns. Out in front of his men leaped Second-Lieutenant Anstruther, bearing the Queen's Colour. He was little more than a schoolboy, a lithe, supple

figure who had but lately exchanged the sports of the playing-fields for the sterner athletics of war. On he dashed, outstripping all others, until he reached the breast-work. The musketry fire was still hot, although the heavy guns had been removed, and the attacking force had no easy task; but young Anstruther, clambering up to the para-

pet, stuck the staff of the colour deep in the earthwork and claimed the Great Redoubt in the name of the Royal Welsh.

(Continued overleaf.)



OLD TIN CANS PUT TO A NOVEL USE AT THE PHARMACISTS V.T.C. CAMP: AN INCINERATOR FOR BURNING WET OR DRY RUBBISH, MADE OF TIN CANS.

Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.



A RUBBISH-DESTRUCTOR MADE OUT OF RUBBISH: A "BEE-HIVE" INCINERATOR FOR BURNING REFUSE, BUILT OUT OF OLD BRICKS AND MUD, AT THE PHARMACISTS V.T.C. CAMP.

Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.



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[Continued overleaf.]

Canadian Indians and their War-Charity Work.



LOYAL INDIANS OF THE FILE HILLS AGENCY: WOMEN'S BEAD-WORK; AND A BASEBALL TEAM.

These photographs illustrate the fine spirit of loyalty to the Empire that prevails among the Indian communities of Canada. The Indians of the File Hills Agency, at Balcarres, Saskatchewan, have raised over 3500 dollars for the various Canadian war charities—which means a considerable sum per head of the inhabitants. The money has been obtained as the proceeds of fairs, athletic

meetings, baseball matches, etc. A large percentage of the young men have enlisted, and many of them are fighting in France. The upper photograph shows bead-work made by File Hills women for sale at the Red Cross Society's booth. In the lower photograph is an Indian baseball team known as the Blues, who have won the agency championship the last three years.—[Photos. by C.N.]

At that moment he was hit and fell dead. His small, lifeless hands still clasped the Colour, and, as he sank, the crimson folds fell around his body, making for him the most martial and the most honourable of shrouds. So he lay for a few seconds, a creature too young and fair to have been thus untimely sacrificed. But, although the hero must lie where he had fallen, the Queen's Colour could not be left in the dust. Watchful eyes were upon it, and willing hands were ready to raise it. From Anstruther's stiffening clasp Private William Evans disengaged the Colour and lifted it once more. He also is said to have claimed the Redoubt for the regiment, but here the matter grows obscure and accounts vary.

A third actor now enters, Sergeant Luke O'Connor. He during the whole of the attack had been keeping up with the Colour, but, just as Anstruther made his final dash to the parapet and fell, was wounded by a musket-ball in the breast. For a short time he lay still, but found that he could still make another effort. He rose, and, going forward to where Evans had lifted the Colour, claimed his right as Sergeant to carry it. Evans had no choice but to give it up to his superior, and thereupon O'Connor planted the Colour once more in the name of the 23rd Regiment, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Badly hurt though he was, the gallant O'Connor determined to bear the Colour through

noticing that the Sergeant was growing very weak, urged him to go to the rear. For once O'Connor was insubordinate, with that sort of noble disobedience which is sometimes forgiven to a soldier in the heat of action. It is possible that Granville only urged,



INGENIOUS USE OF WASTE MATERIAL AT THE CAMP OF THE PHARMACISTS V.T.C.: THREE TYPES OF FIELD KITCHENS MADE WITH OLD TIN CANS.

Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.

and did not formally command. However that may be, O'Connor would not give in. He would finish the work which young Anstruther had so well begun. He therefore continued in the thick of the fight, and bore the Colour to the very end of the battle, when victory crowned the Standard.

For this deed Sergeant Luke O'Connor had not long to wait for his reward. His conduct had been noted by officers in high command, and the smoke of the Alma had hardly cleared away when he was thanked in the field by General Sir George Browne and by his own General of Division, General Codrington. He was also recommended for and received the Victoria Cross. The rule, happily now relaxed, that the most coveted of decorations might not be conferred on the dead kept Anstruther's name out of the roll of that Order. Nowadays he would have received the posthumous honour. But, although his name carries no V.C., his act of boyish gallantry has given him an enduring place in history, and he is remembered by the Royal Welsh as the officer whose initiative gave them the Great Redoubt.

O'Connor, afterwards a Captain in the regiment (and later a General) only finished the work which young Anstruther had so well begun.



COOKING APPARATUS BUILT OF OLD BRICKS: IMPROVISED FIELD OVENS AT THE CAMP OF THE PHARMACISTS VOLUNTEER CORPS.

Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.

the rest of the action, which now raged fiercely within the Redoubt itself. But loss of blood began to tell, and at length Lieutenant Granville,



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"OUR LADY OF THE TRENCHES": A VILLAGE CHURCH BUILT BELOW GROUND LEVEL.

A church unique in its situation is that with which the above illustration deals. It is Notre Dame des Tranchées (Our Lady of the Trenches), at Le Mesnil les Hurlus, in Champagne. The village lies in the Souain-Tahure district, where fighting has been going on during a long period. To replace the destroyed village church of Le Mesnil, the 3rd Battalion of the Chasseurs à Pied, while

quartered near by, erected a substitute of wood for the villagers. To safeguard the new edifice as much as possible from enemy shells, the soldiers built it, as seen, in a deep pit, or trench (whence the name of the church). The former church-bell, which was salvaged intact from the ruins of the destroyed old village church, is seen hung in a new-made belfry at one side.—[Photo. by C.N.]

famous Regiments on the Western front.



AFTER DUTY DONE: "WORCESTERS" RETURNING FROM THE TRENCHES—"MIDDLESEX" COMING BACK.

Both the Worcesters (upper illustration) and the Middlesex (lower illustration)—of which regiments there are several battalions—have repeatedly, to use a conventional phrase, "covered themselves with glory" in the war. Of course, this is without making the least invidious suggestion by way of comparison with the heroism that other regiments—the whole Army, in fact—have displayed on the

battlefields of the past two years, time and again. That the Worcesters and the Middlesex should do brilliantly, goes without saying, if tradition counts for anything in war. The Worcesters are the famous "Old and Bold" of Wellington's Peninsular Army. The Middlesex are the historic "Die-Hards" of Albuera and Inkerman fame.—[Official Photographs.]



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With our Troops on the Western front.



THE AUTUMN CAMPAIGN: "MUD TERRACE"—A WAYSIDE "COFFEE-SHOP," FREE TO ALL.

The upper illustration brings before the eye of the reader a glimpse of the state of things with our soldiers in the trenches, and everywhere else on the Western front, during the incessant rains and storms of the first week of November. There could have been few people who did not give a thought to what life in the open before the enemy must have been like for our battlefield heroes.

"Mud Terrace" needs no explanation in the circumstances. The lower illustration shows a road-side "coffee-shop," where troops going to and fro on duty are served with hot coffee and biscuits free of cost. It is a happy idea that is universally appreciated, and, incidentally, reflects credit on the Army authorities.—[Official Photographs.]



On the Balkan front during the Autumn Rains: Old Sty



HORSES TO THE RESCUE—TIMELY AID IN NEED: A BOGGED STAFF MOTOR-CAR BEING TAKEN

The mud and swamps of Flanders and the Polish plain are reproduced in the Balkan war-area; in particular, all over the wide expanse of flat low-lying country across which the Vardar River takes its course to the sea after clearing the last gorges of the mountains along the borders of Serbia and Macedonia. The autumn rains which last for weeks, practically without cessation, over South-Eastern country into little more than the mud of a stream-bed a

Autumn Rains: Old Style Traction Saves the Situation.



ED: A BOGGED STAFF MOTOR-CAR BEING TAKEN IN TOW BY A SERBIAN ARTILLERY TEAM.

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er clearing the last gorges
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cession, over South-Eastern Europe, in addition to causing floods by the overflowing of river banks, convert wide stretches of
country into little more than morasses and quagmires. Our illustration shows a bogged military motor-car being hauled through
the mud of a stream-bed at one place by a team of Serbian artillery horses.—[Official Photograph.]

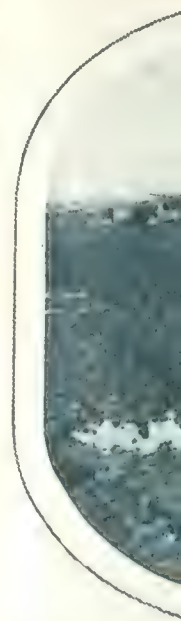
Delivering the Goods—and Returned Empties.



THE BRITISH ADVANCE: SHELLS GOING UP ON PACK-ANIMALS; AND SOME EMPTY SHELL-CASES.

It is a commonplace of war discussions now to say that success depends on an unlimited supply of shells, but there is no harm in repeating the fact, especially in view of the demand for more munition-workers by the hundred thousand, in order to maintain and increase the output. In the upper of these photographs we see the final stage of a shell's journey from the factory to the

guns. In this case the consignment is being carried up to the battery by pack-animals, slung in basket-work cases from the saddle, five a side. The lower photograph, described as "a few of our empties" (i.e., shell-cases after the shells have been fired), indicates the enormous scale on which ammunition is now consumed by the British artillery.—[Official Photographs.]



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There is nothing that satisfaction than to see guns, for it shows that backing them up, and in making attacks and is little wonder, then,

Congenial Work for British Soldiers at the front.



"FEEDING" HEAVIES: MEN HAULING TROLLEYS OF SHELLS FOR BIG GUNS ON A LIGHT RAILWAY.

There is nothing that gives our gallant men at the front greater satisfaction than to see large quantities of shells arriving for the guns, for it shows that the munition-makers at home are strenuously backing them up, and it also means greater security for the infantry in making attacks and a better chance of winning battles. There is little wonder, then, that the men take up with cheerful alacrity

the task of hauling up trolley-loads of big shells along the little light railways that run up to the gun-positions. Such is the operation shown in the upper of these two photographs, taken recently on the British front. In the lower one a previous stage of the work is illustrated—the placing of the shells on the trolleys.—
[Official Photographs.]

Enemy Weapons in the Lord Mayor's Show.



TAKEN FROM THE GERMANS: A GERMAN GUN AND AEROPLANE PASSING THROUGH LONDON.

Our first photograph shows one of the very many German guns captured by our troops in France. It was one of the most interesting items in a Lord Mayor's Show singularly rich on the naval and military side, and made more than usually significant by the patriotic enthusiasm of big crowds. Our second photograph is of a captured German aeroplane, minus its wings; and its long

white body, with the portentous black crosses, was regarded with extreme curiosity, tempered, inevitably, by the fact that the marvels of its mechanism were as a sealed book to the majority. Its planes were drawn along separately. But the great fact remained that both the gun and the wing-clipped aeroplane were evidence of the prowess of our troops and airmen.—[Photos. by C.N.]



GAY SOLDIERS

The Belgians have the surroundings of a joke. Our ph produce effects from In the first is seen a but not inartistically,

fête Day Diversions at the Belgian front.



GAY SOLDIERS INDULGE THEIR SENSE OF HUMOUR: A FLORAL AEROPLANE—AND A PRESS SATIRE.

The Belgians have a particular liking for Fête Days, and even the surroundings of the war do not kill this instinct, or their love of a joke. Our photographs illustrate how ingeniously they can produce effects from the very limited resources at their disposal. In the first is seen a floral car representing an aeroplane, roughly, but not inartistically, contrived out of a tree-trunk decorated with

trails of flowers, being drawn upon a cart by a well-groomed horse. In the second photograph the audacious soldiers have good-humouredly satirised the Press. "Nothing is sacred to a sapper," and not even with the fear of the Censorship before their eyes could these joke-loving soldiers resist "dressing-up" themselves and their dog in copies of current journals.—[Photos. by C.N.]

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FOOTNOTES TO ARMAGEDDON: XIV.—“LARRY THE PIG.”

AS the kite-balloon showed above the hill, “Larry the Pig” stopped firing. “Larry the Pig” was cunning in the matter of kite-balloons. When the Observer signalled to stop letting out, the gunnery men at the end of the wire waited breathlessly. Would they get their chance to “out” the troublesome German howitzer to-day? The buzzer at the battery end of the wire fizzed; thin and difficult on the humming, wind-brushed cable, the voice of the Observer came down—

“Gone to earth. No sign, as per.”

“Confound!” said the Battery Captain. “‘Larry’ must be on Z39, I’m thinking. Have you . . . ?”

“I’ve been over Z39 inch by inch. There isn’t a blade of grass out of parting since last time. Maybe ‘Larry’s’ there, but beggar me if I can see anything of him.”

“I’ll read you out what H.Q. has to say about ‘Larry’ and our damned ineptitude in the matter of finding him. That will stimulate you. H.Q. has an eloquence . . .”

“Don’t!” cried the thin wail of the Aerial Observer. “I know that H.Q. memo backwards. It’s acid—takes the skin off one’s pride.”

“‘Larry’s’ got to be found,” urged the Battery Captain. “He ought to have been found

a week ago. Now—you know he spoiled, irretrievably, the Brigadier’s entrée for to-day’s lunch.”

“I’d like to bring that Brigadier up here and see if he could find anything in this sniggering country. I’d . . . Half a mo. . . .”

“What’s that?”

“Hold on! . . . Battery load . . . H.E.”

“Larry’s” No. 3 was not sorry to see the top

of the British kite-balloon lift above the hill. Heavy howitzer loading and firing is trying work. Also, No. 3 was heartily disgusted with the whole beastly business of war. Underneath his patriotic skin No. 3 was a Social Democrat, and to-day a number of circumstances had helped to skin him. Hard and comfortless conditions *plus* unlimited danger were enough for any man, but to-

day No. 3’s *unter-offizier* had shown that nature had not meant him to purr. On top of the Sergeant’s unpleasant violence there had come Minna’s letter telling how bad things were in Darmstadt, how the common people were being ground down by the set of swindlers running the war; moreover, cunningly used as a wrapping for a tough sausage, there had been a secret pamphlet reinforcing

[Continued overleaf.]



OUTPOST LIFE IN THE NILE DELTA: SOLDIERS LOOKING ON AT A NATIVE VILLAGE BAZAAR ORGAN-GRINDER.

Small British outpost garrisons are on duty at places in the Nile Delta, where their presence is a safeguard against Turkish attempts to smuggle arms or land enemy agents and spies.—[Photograph by Topical.]

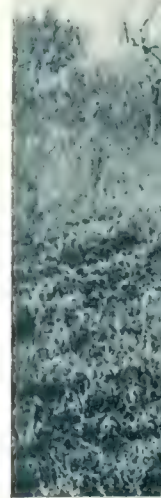


THE WESTERN EGYPT FRONTIER GUARD: SENUSSI PRISONERS ON THE WAY TO CAIRO.

If no real danger is to be apprehended from the Senussi or desert Bedouin, the frontier watch is not relaxed. Roving marauding bands, brigands rather than warriors, yet wander here and there, until cut off and captured.—[Photograph by Topical.]



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With One of Our Columns in German East Africa.



THE ENEMY NOT FAR OFF: FUEL-COLLECTING UNDER ESCORT—WATCHING AN AEROPLANE START.

Gathering fuel for camp, with the troops of our mobile columns in German East Africa, is always attended with risk. The men sent on the service have to be accompanied by armed escorts, and go to no great distance. Parties of German Askaris, or of native tribal levies in the pay of the enemy, are constantly lurking in the bush in the neighbourhood of our camps, for either spying, or

sniping purposes, or else in order to ambush any small British party they may hope to shoot down from in hiding. The upper illustration shows a fuel-collecting party and its guard. The lower is a camp scene showing British soldiers and native African troops in their "undress" wear watching a reconnoitring aeroplane about to make an ascent.—[Photos. by Photopress.]

Minna's remarks with facts and eloquence and logic. No. 3, then, was quite willing to step aside from war during that time the British observation balloon searched the country for the hidden position of "Larry the Pig." Also, he would be able to finish reading the pacifist pamphlet, which was moving him greatly.

The British balloon swung up in the air, and the crew of the howitzer began to busy themselves on little jobs. Now and then they flung glances



DISABLED IN THE DESERT FIFTY MILES BEYOND THE EGYPTIAN FRONTIER: A BRITISH AEROPLANE SET RIGHT BY A MOTOR-CAR PATROL.

The aeroplane seen here met with a misadventure such as may happen at any time. While desert scouting, it came down through engine trouble, 50 miles beyond the frontier. The enemy did not discover its situation, and next day an armed motor-car patrol arrived and put the engine in working order again.—[Photograph by Topical.]

through their cunning loop-holes at the balloon and jeered at its impotence. They knew extremely well how beautifully and perfectly they were hidden under the turf from English eyes. No. 3, having nothing particular to do, went to a corner under an embrasure. Suddenly he heard a harsh voice calling for Heinrich, and he nearly jumped out of his skin.

He was Heinrich. The voice was that of the *unter-offizier*, and the *unter-offizier* was in a lion-taming mood. He was just coming round the traverse, and when he did. . . . And only then did No. 3 remember the pamphlet, the pacifist pamphlet, the "Down with the Military" pamphlet, the treasonable, criminal pamphlet. His heart gave a throb of horror; then, with admirable *nous*, he jerked the seditious paper through the embrasure.

He was standing mildly and innocently to attention when the *unter-offizier* came upon him the next moment. . . .

"All guns H.E.," the Aerial Observer was yelling down the 'phone. "Range—not on Z39, but on Z38. Z38—don't fumble that."

"Good heavens, Puggy, have you got it?" shouted the Battery Captain.

"Don't know . . . Don't know . . . But I think . . ." His eyes, through his glasses, were glued upon a patch of white. That patch of white had suddenly risen out of the nowhere on to the green flat of the world. He could see that patch of white blowing about, so he guessed it was paper. Paper does not suddenly blossom on the surface of a meadow in the ordinary nature of things. Paper and men, they form an inseparable twain. . . . And he was thinking that undoubtedly those dark blobs he had thought to be mud-holes were loop-holes—that that slightly darker stain of green on green was not a damp patch, but a turfed-over gun-pit. Well, he could try. . . .

"I don't know," he yelled down the 'phone; "but it's worth the experiment. Go twenty-five right. One-o-seven-five. No. 1 gun fire."

There was a disembodied boom from the world below. A sudden fleck of mud appeared on the green of the meadow, a trumpet of smoke and flame leaped up from the fleck. "Add two-o-six," yelled the Observer. "No. 2 gun fire."

There was the same faint boom; then not a fleck, but a gash, opened in the meadow. There was a leaping of flame and smoke, and then, as it leapt, it deepened in flame and vapour with a sort of gushing up-spout. Ammunition! . . . As the heave of explosion flashed up, up went thick black objects. And *there* was the ugly spout of a big gun,

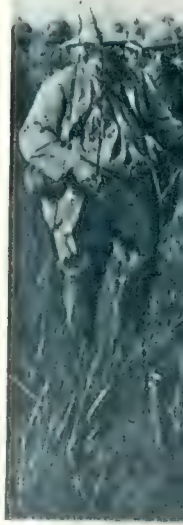


DESERT WATCHING ON THE EGYPTIAN FRONTIER: AN ARMoured MOTOR-CAR PATROL CAMP.

The patrolling armoured motor-car parties who keep observation along the frontiers of Egypt pitch their camps in any convenient place in the desert—usually near where a watercourse exists. The ground formation seen here is common to many localities.—[Photograph by Topical.]

leering groggily. . . . "Got it! We've got 'Larry' . . . give him a couple more for luck. . . ."

W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



BUSH SCOUTING

In the upper illustration and uniformed member East Africa—are seen expedition. The force with native African guides away for days at a time.

Nov. 15, 1916

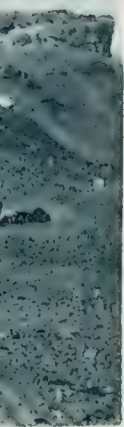
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With One of Our Columns in German East Africa.



BUSH SCOUTING: STARTING ON A RECONNAISSANCE—A CAPTURED RIFLE'S TELL-TALE BULLET-HOLE.

In the upper illustration native carriers—who are regularly enrolled and uniformed members of our local army transport service in East Africa—are seen leaving camp as part of a reconnoitring expedition. The force includes British officers and men, together with native African guides and scouts. Such expeditions are often away for days at a time, and have to carry their supply of pro-

visions with them, as foraging for food is impossible in the circumstances. Captain Outram, of the East African Field Force, who is seen in the lower illustration receiving reports from native scouts, is holding a German rifle. The black hole in the butt of the weapon was made by a bullet from one of the party of native scouts, who shot the original possessor.—[Photos, by Photopress.]

On the Rhodesian Border of German East Africa.



WITH GENERAL NORTHEY IN N.E. RHODESIA: WOUNDED BY HAMMOCK AND SUPPLIES BY MOTOR.

The photographs—on this and the opposite page—just to hand, illustrate the work of the Rhodesian force under General Northey, operating on the southern border of German East Africa. In the upper one is seen a method of conveying sick or wounded men by means of a hammock, protected from the sun by an awning above it, slung from a long pole borne by stalwart native bearers. The

lower photograph shows some cars of the motor transport service in Rhodesia, taking supplies from the railway at Kachitu to Kasama—a distance of five hundred miles. There are forty cars employed on this particular route, and the journey is divided into four sections. An official War Office statement regarding a recent success by General Northey's force is quoted on the opposite page.

A BOTTLE AS INSU

In a recent announcement in a recent announcement in East Africa, an enemy force from the district in the middle of October, and the Rufiji River in close Northey's troops. At day

On General Northey's Line of Communications.



A BOTTLE AS INSULATOR: A TELEGRAPH USED BY GENERAL NORTHEY, VICTORIOUS NEAR LUPEMBE.

In a recent announcement issued by the War Office regarding the campaign in East Africa, it was stated: "East of Lupembe a strong enemy force from the direction of Mahenge had advanced about the middle of October, and by October 27 was entrenched west of the Rufiji River in close contact with a column of Brig.-General Northey's troops. At dawn on October 30 our troops rushed

the enemy's positions with complete success, driving him over the river with losses stated to exceed considerably the figure of 200. In addition, 82 prisoners were taken, one field-gun complete and undamaged, with ammunition, three machine-guns, and a large quantity of rifles, ammunition, and matériel were captured. Our total casualties in this latter operation were 21."

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Our Big Guns and the Weather at the front.

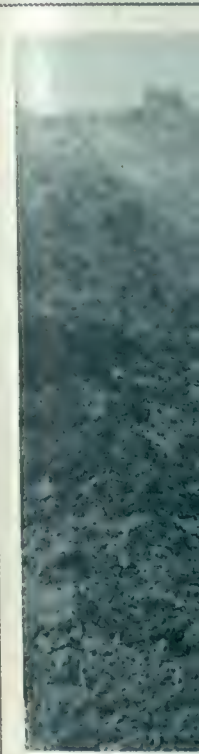


HARD-WORKED GUNNERS: A HOWITZER "TREKKING"—ANOTHER BEING LIMBERED UP.

As official reports from Headquarters continually notify, the rainy weather on the Western Front, by rendering the chalk and clay soil water-logged, greatly hampers the progress of both British and French. Infantry and artillery alike are vitally handicapped in their movements by the condition of the *terrain*—the artillery, in particular, because of the ponderous weights of the massive *matériel*

they have to drag forward. These illustrations give some idea of the ground over which our big guns have to get about under present conditions. A heavy howitzer and its tractor, temporarily halted while on the way to a new position, are seen in the upper illustration. A gun-team levering up dead-weight of the trail of another howitzer is shown in the second.—[Official Photographs.]

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In the upper illustration some defect, is being lines. There are easily accessible from equipped with appliances. They are kept

Artillery Incidents on the British front in the West.



ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK: A "SICK" GUN GOING TO "HOSPITAL"—A DRAG-ROPE JOB.

In the upper illustration a heavy gun, out of action owing to some defect, is being taken to an artillery repair-depôt behind the lines. There are establishments of the kind at many points, all easily accessible from the firing line. The workshops are adequately equipped with appliances for executing reasonable repairs at short notice. They are kept stocked from England with spare "parts" and

fittings. As previously illustrated, travelling motor workshops are also constantly on the move to attend to minor repairs on the spot. The lower illustration shows how sometimes heavy ordnance are man-hauled between firing points by their gun-teams. In the present case use is being made of the comparatively smooth, if muddy, surface of a light-railway track.—[Official Photographs.]

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WOMEN AND THE WAR.

WITH the problem of a new register occupying the attention of a specially selected Committee, and the memory of the recently slaughtered proposals fresh in the minds of most people, one can't help wondering whether the women who have worked so hard in the country's cause will have any voice in its government when the old order of things is changed. This article is not in any sense intended as a plea for Women's Suffrage. Like its predecessors, it merely aims at recording a fraction of the part that women are playing in the greatest war the world has ever known.

Everyone knows that directly war broke out Suffragists of all shades of opinion, forswearing

themselves adepts in the art of picking up the threads of forms of business to which they were totally unaccustomed, and one member at least of the "gentle sex" is occupying her spare time in introducing and demonstrating the use of machines for certain munition purposes. In her spare moments, she finds time to be a member of her county appeal tribunal for military service, and, in addition, is a member of Representative and Central Committees for the Prevention and Relief of Distress, a Naval and Military Pensions County Sub-Committee, a District Women's Employment Sub-Committee, and several other bodies of a similar character. All of which helps to prove the truth of the old adage that it is only the busy people who have time for everything.



WOMEN FOR THE LAND: WORKING A MOTOR-TRACTOR AND FOUR-FURROW PLOUGH.

A novel feature at the Collingham Farmers' Club recent annual ploughing competitions is shown in our photograph—two young women working a motor-tractor and four-furrow plough, the combination, it is said, equalling the work of six horses and twelve men.

Photograph by C.N.

all political propaganda, devoted themselves heart and soul to war work of all kinds. The National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, which has lately been collecting evidence of war work done by members of suffrage organisations throughout the kingdom, recently issued an extraordinarily interesting document, which not only forms a unique record of the varied activities of the woman war-worker, but proves conclusively that patriotism and suffragism are not, as some old-time critics used to contend, entirely opposed to one another.

The war has made us quite familiar with saleswomen and travellers of the feminine gender, though one usually associates the woman who fills the rôle with frills and fripperies and other feminine follies. However, women have proved

The work of women doctors in connection with military hospitals, and in other posts under the control of the civil and military authorities, has already been mentioned; but the civilian medical woman, too, is entitled to her place in the Roll of Honour that will surely be one day compiled to perpetuate the services of the women. It is difficult, for instance, to see how any man could, single-handed, do more than a certain M.D. who, besides being in charge of the electrical department of a county hospital, is the visiting medical officer at a Red Cross hospital, and, in addition, takes charge of part of the practices of three doctors on active service. Quite a number of women, too, are breaking new ground and doing pioneer work in trades and professions hitherto closed to members of their sex. The Government, whom no one could justly accuse

(Continued overleaf.)



AS IN LON

It would be a great mis-
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Similar scenes are enact-
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“Our Day” on the Rock: Gibraltar flag-Sellers.



AS IN LONDON; SO IN GIBRALTAR: MEMBERS OF BOTH SERVICES PURCHASING FLAGS.

It would be a great mistake to imagine that the charming flag-sellers who pervade the town on the various war-charity “Days” are a phenomenon peculiar to London, or even to England. Similar scenes are enacted, no doubt, all over the Empire on such occasions. That shown in the above photograph, for example, taken at Gibraltar on “Our Day,” might equally well have

occurred on Plymouth Hoe, as far as regards the appearance of the participants and the nature of the pinning-on ceremony. Gibraltar raised over £3000 on “Our Day” for the British Red Cross, the Governor, Sir Herbert Miles, giving a lead to the efforts of the little colony. Other outposts of Empire did likewise. Thus Malta cabled a “first instalment” for “Our Day” of £3120.

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of being partial to women employees, has of late seen the folly of its ways. A woman is now doing the work of a deputy superintendent of a bureau under a Government office which, though it had at one time men and women on its staff, is now worked entirely by women. Another woman who trained at an engineering school is now working on optical instruments for the Government; and her work—as also the labours of a woman who works as Assistant Metallurgist in the Research Department of a Government factory, and another whose time is occupied as an investigator of claims to separation allowances under the Board of Customs and Excise—constitutes a record, for all the positions had previously been held by men, and the work itself had never before been done by a woman.

Of all the various women's organisations now working abroad amongst our Allies, none is more appreciated than the Women's Emergency Canteens for Soldiers, the workers connected with which are the only women allowed to work in the firing line. British military authorities rigidly exclude women from working close up to the trenches. The French allow Les Dames Anglaises, as the canteen workers are called, to work within reach as well as sound of the guns, and a bombardment is not an uncommon event in their lives.

Wherever the *poilu* is to be found in any

and recreation that the British Tommy enjoys almost as a matter of course. One of the largest canteens run by the body is situated underground, beneath the Gare du Nord in Paris. All night and all day the devoted women who form the staff are ministering to the needs of the men—English,



WOMEN FOR THE LAND: WINNER OF A PLOUGHING MATCH.

The war has necessitated a revision of the poets, and Woman, to-day, is to be found everywhere rather than at the "hearth." They are proving very valuable in farm work, witness our picture of Miss Elsie May Jackson, of Tattershall Thorpe, winner of the ploughing match recently held at Collingham, which was open to women of all England.—[Photograph by C.N.]

French, Belgian, and the cosmopolitan crowd who compose some of the units of our Allies across the Channel. There are sixty beds for those who care to use them, and the work is done by ten Englishwomen who not only pay their own expenses, but £1 a week towards the running expenses of the undertaking into the bargain.

Farther up near the firing line, the canteen ladies minister to the comforts of the French soldier in a way that moves that warm-hearted individual to ecstasies of gratitude that are sometimes not a little embarrassing. Rest-rooms and recreation huts where the men off duty can get light refreshments, work in hospitals and the "barracks" where men are housed for a temporary "rest," are some of the activities undertaken by this corps of canteen workers. Another is the establishment of workshops wherein the soldiers make all sorts of trifles from fragments of shell and other battlefield relics. Some of their handiwork, by the bye, is for sale at a certain Piccadilly shop, and the address of the organisation, in case anyone feels inclined to send cash or cigarettes, is 15, York Place, Baker Street, W.

CLAUDINE CLEVE.

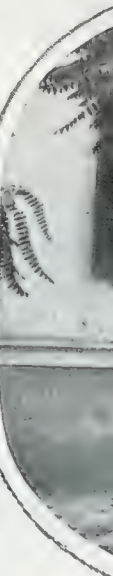


PLOUGHWOMEN OF THE FUTURE: GIRL-PUPILS FROM SWANLEY.

Women are every day taking up work on the land in increasing numbers, and our picture shows a little group of girl pupils from the Swanley Agricultural College, interested spectators of the work of a woman-expert at the ploughing competition recently held at Wilmington, Kent.—[Photograph by C.N.]

numbers, there you will also find the members of the Women's Emergency Canteens, doing their level best to provide them with the "comforts"

tion, in case anyone feels inclined to send cash or cigarettes, is 15, York Place, Baker Street, W.



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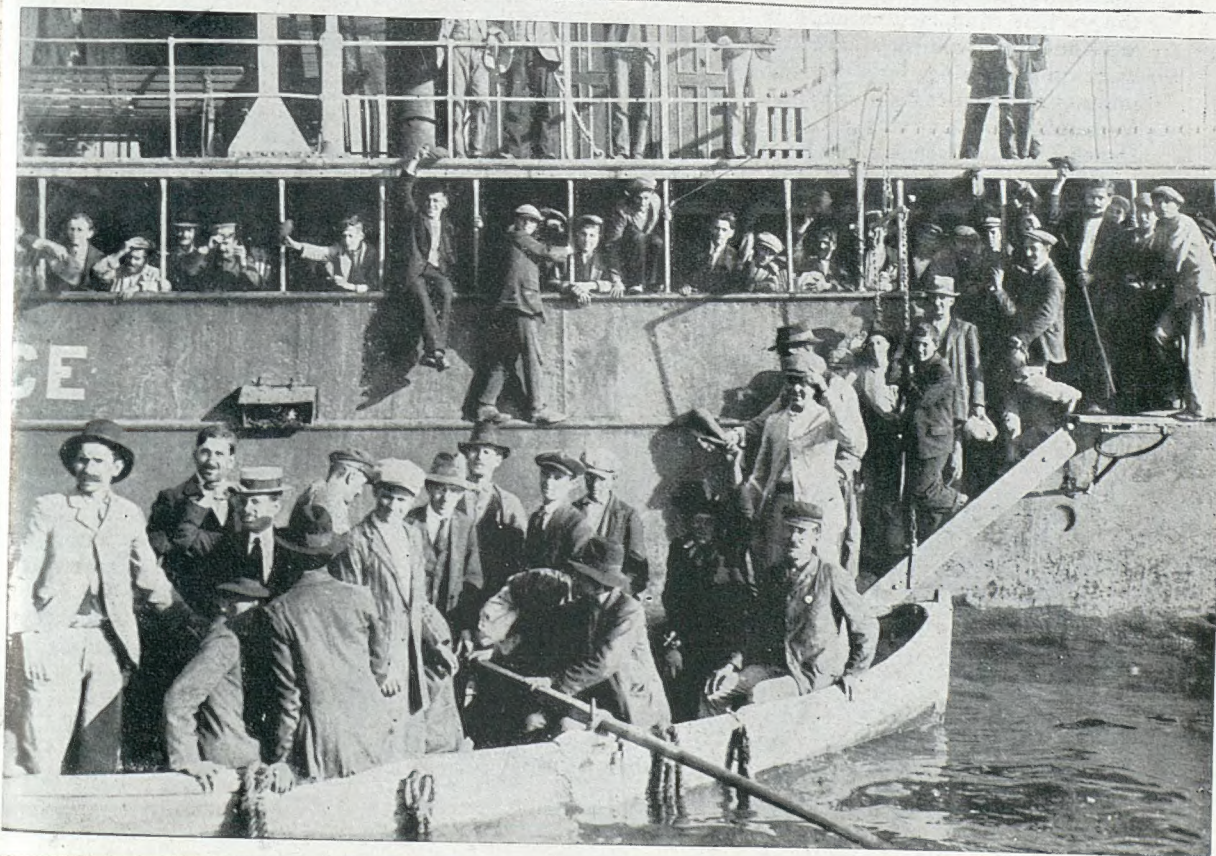
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"In Hearty Sympathy with that Great Greek Patriot."



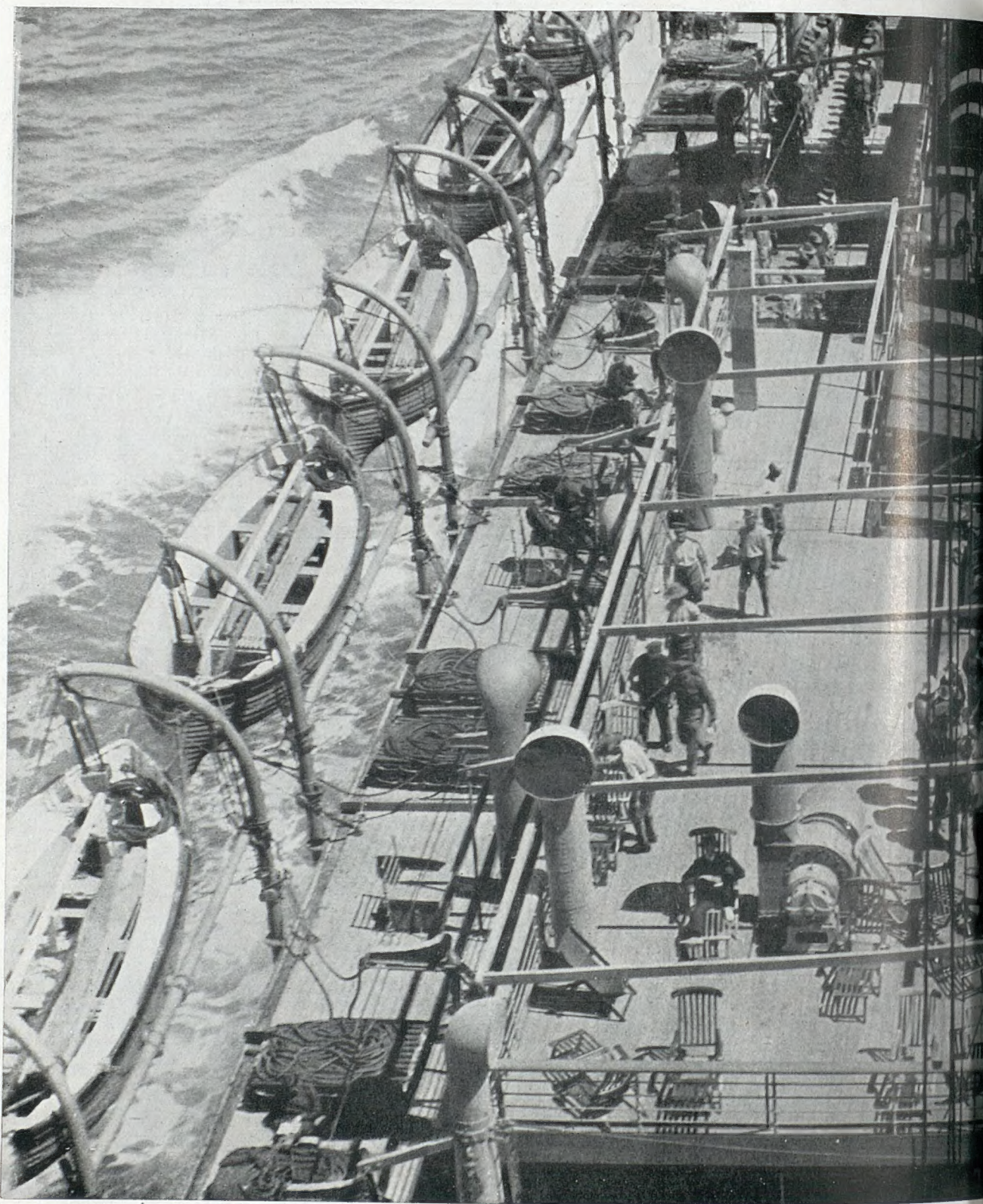
AT SALONIKA: THE VENIZELIST HEADQUARTERS—NATIONALIST VOLUNTEERS ARRIVING.

"I say quite frankly, on behalf of His Majesty's Government," to quote Mr. Asquith's words at the Lord Mayor's banquet, "that we are in hearty sympathy with that great Greek patriot, M. Venizelos. He has assured us, and we fully accept his assurance, that his efforts and his organisation have no anti-dynastic purpose. His governing, his sole object is that in this world-struggle Greece

should play a worthy part on the side of Freedom." The first illustration shows the front of the headquarters at Salonika of the Venizelist organisation and the National Movement. Between the gateway and the passage is displayed a portrait of the patriot leader. The second illustration shows Greek volunteers for the Nationalist forces arriving by ship at Salonika.—[Photos. by Illustrations Bureau]



On Board a British Transport at Sea—The C.O.'s

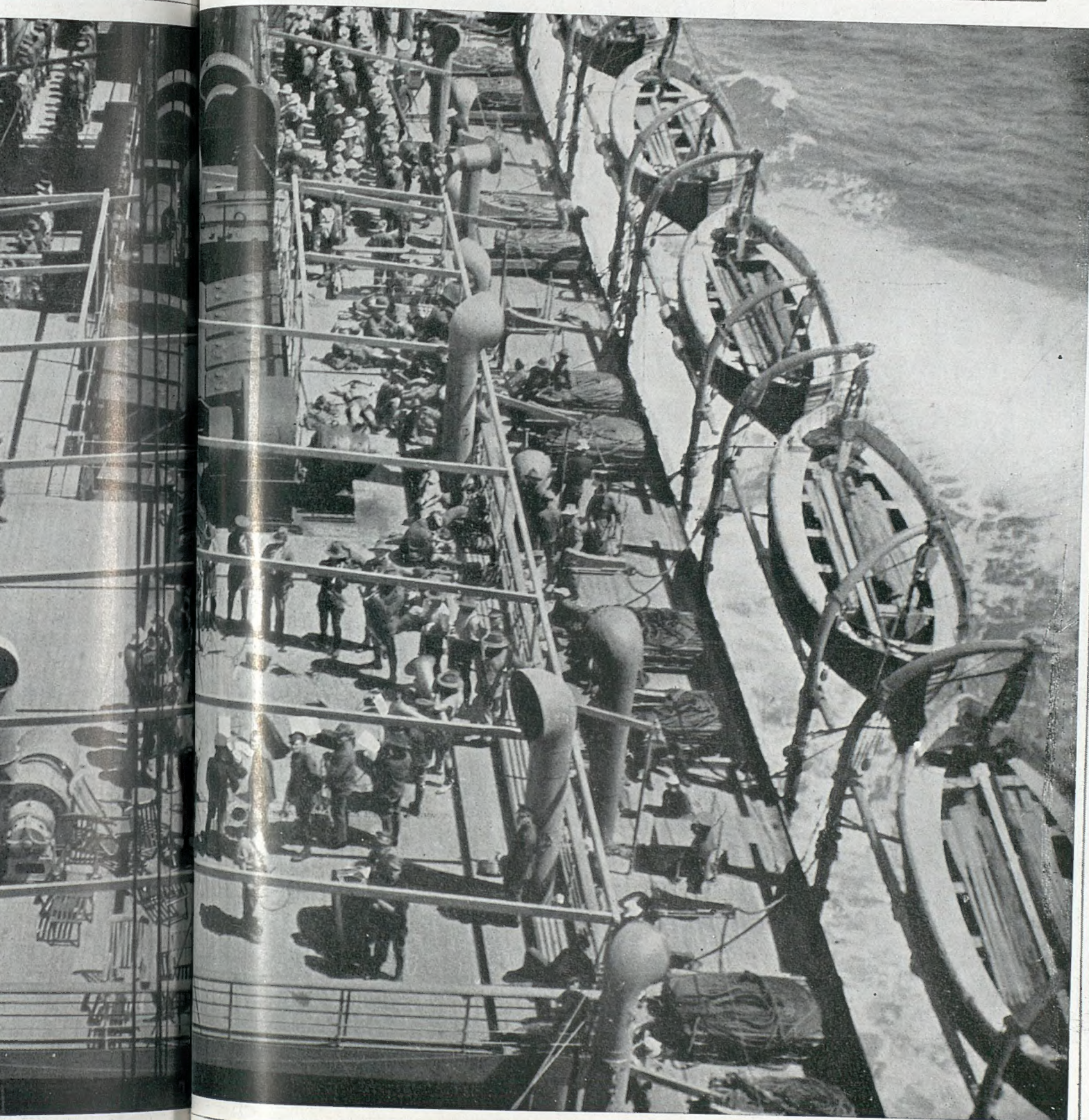


LOOKING DOWN ON THE WAIST TROOP-DECK FROM THE MASTHEAD:

We are looking down on the deck of a transport from the masthead. At the moment the daily inspection of troops on board by the Commanding Officer is taking place. A band on board—the bandmen are seen standing round in a circle in the orthodox manner to the right-centre in the illustration—is playing, according to service usage. Note should be taken of the

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port at Sea—The C.O.'s Inspection in Progress.



FROM THE MASTHEAD: THE
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Note should be taken of the

AND PLAYING, AND ALL BOATS READY IN CASE OF SUBMARINE ATTACK.

ship's boats, sufficient in number and capacity to carry all on board, ranged along the sides. All are slung outboard on the
davits, ready for lowering. In the case of the torpedoed P. and O. liner "Arabia"—not on trooping duty—the boats would be
kept slung in the same way. They saved all on board, except two men, within twenty minutes.—[Photo. by Illustrations Bureau.]

The Continual Bond of franco-British Accord.



A FRENCH REVIEW FOR PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT: H.R.H. WITH GENERAL JOFFRE.

Prince Arthur of Connaught has done a great deal to give public expression to that spirit of friendship and *camaraderie* which has existed from the beginning of the war between the French and British armies, a spirit which is essential to effective co-operation in the field. His Royal Highness is here seen attending a French review held in his honour, and inspecting the fine body of men

present in company with General Joffre. Earlier in the year, it may be recalled, he visited Italy and the Italian front. His father, the Duke of Connaught, who recently went over to Paris, proceeded on November 7 to Alsace, where he was received with great enthusiasm by the people, and bestowed British decorations on a number of French officers and men.—[Photos. by Topical.]

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